

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

# MILITARY

JANUARY  
No. 15

COMICS

10¢

**BLACKHAWK**  
meets the  
**WITCHES OF  
DEATH!**

WAIT FOR  
ME, I'M  
PRIVATE  
DOGTAG, THE  
NEW HERO!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



**ARMY**STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION ON LAND*Section 1.***BLACKHAWK**

ACROSS SULTRY,  
SEETHING, INDIA  
TO TASTE THE BITTER  
BREW OF DEATH, GO  
THE BLACKHAWKS  
SEARCHING FOR  
THE  
"MEN WHO NEVER CAME BACK."

AYE 'TIS A WILD DRINK,  
'TIS ADVENTURE,  
CONCOCTED OF BLOOD,  
SAND, BULLETS, AND  
BOILED BY THE WITCHES  
OF KHANIPAN.  
IN THE CAULDRON OF  
BITTER HATE!





I AM THE FIRST WITCH. MY NAME IS TROUBLE! HEE, HEE, HEE! I'LL TELL MY TALE FIRST... BUT WAIT! WON'T YOU HAVE A TASTE OF THIS BREW? OH COME... DON'T SHRINK BACK!



NO??? YOU WON'T! BUT THERE IS ONE WHO TASTED THIS BREW OF MINE. HEE, HEE, HEE! WATCH AS I SPREAD TROUBLE UPON THE BLACKHAWKS-- HEE, HEE, HEE!...

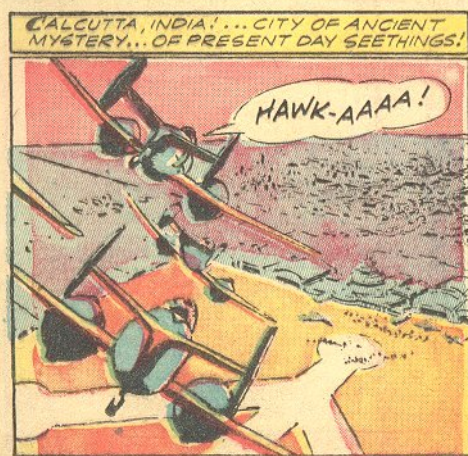


C'MON, FELLOWS! A HURRY-CALL FROM INDIA. TROUBLE AND RIOTING HAS BROKEN OUT!

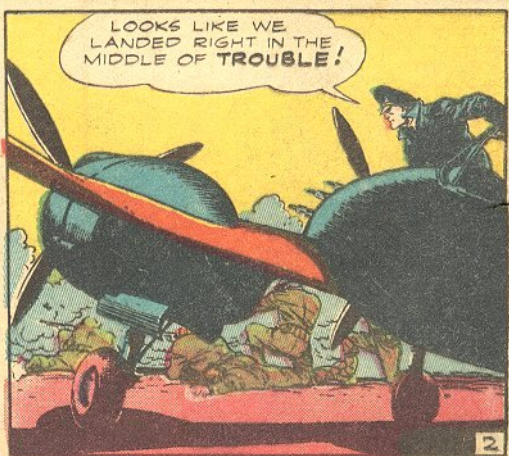


FROM MYSTERIOUS BLACK-HAWK ISLAND SPRINGS THE FAMED SQUADRON....

HAWK-AAAA!  
WE ARE THE BLACK-  
HAWKS! HAWK-AAA!  
WE'RE ON THE  
WING!



HAWK-AAAA!



LOOKS LIKE WE LANDED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF TROUBLE!



AH YES,--- **TROUBLE!** I'VE  
POURED PLENTY OF TROUBLE ON  
INDIA! HEE, HEE, HEE! LOOK  
AT THEM DOWN THERE ...  
FIGHTING AMONGST THEM-  
SELVES, WHILE ON THE BORDER  
LIES THE YELLOW ENEMY....  
WAITING... WAITING... WAITING...

**THE BLACKHAWKS  
JOIN THE DEFENDERS.**

BLOODY 'EATHENS!  
TRYING TO WRECK  
THIS FIELD.



WE'VE GOT  
THE BEGGARS  
ON THE RUN!

THE FIELD  
IS SAVED!

THESE FERENGI  
DOGS FIGHT LIKE  
DEMONS, COME-  
BROTHERS, LET  
US HASTEN AWAY!



IT'S DIFFICULT  
TO BELIEVE THAT  
GHANDI'S RESPONSIBLE  
FOR THIS.

HE'S NOT. IT'S  
THE JAPS... THEY  
SEND IN DISGUISED  
"TOURISTS".



DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YA?  
MY LAST PAY...  
BUY A WAR  
BOND WITH IT.

SURE,  
KID

PRIVATE PICKENS!  
MAN, YOU'RE  
WOUNDED!

NO, SIR,  
I'M NOT,  
SIR--



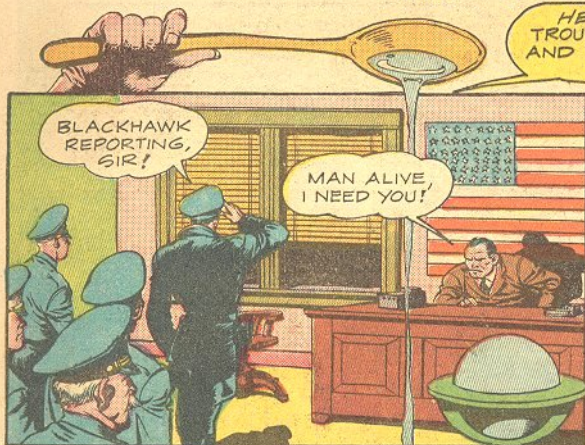
I'M  
DEAD...



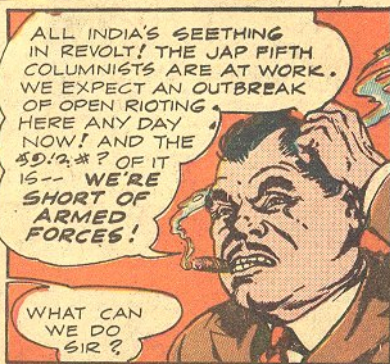




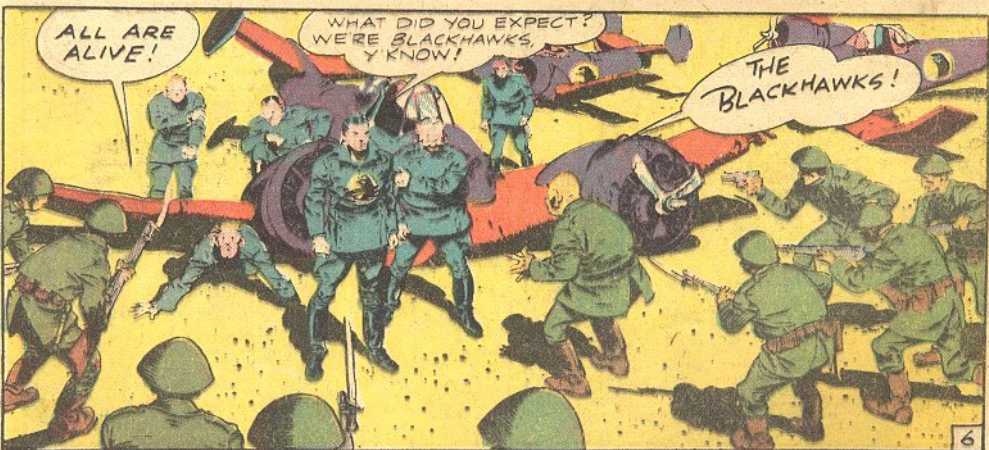
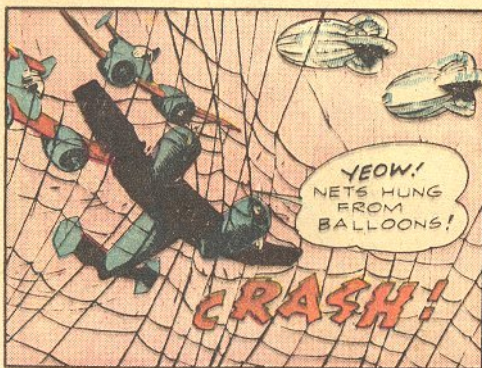




HEE, HEE, HEE! TROUBLE, TROUBLE! DOUBLE TROUBLE! AND THERE'S MORE TO COME!



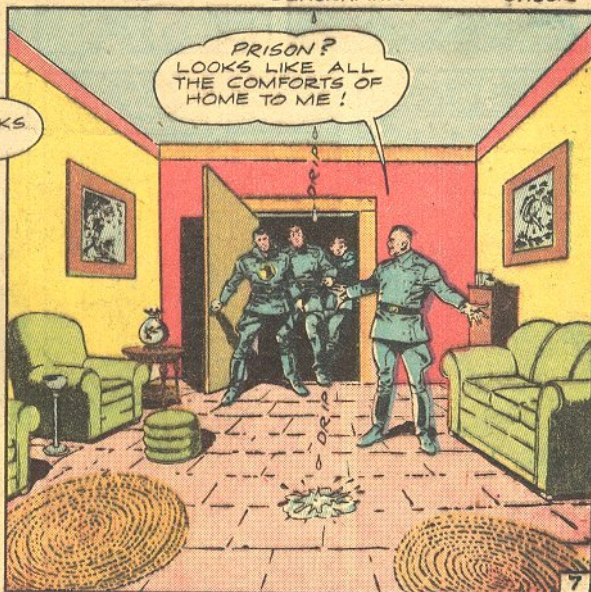




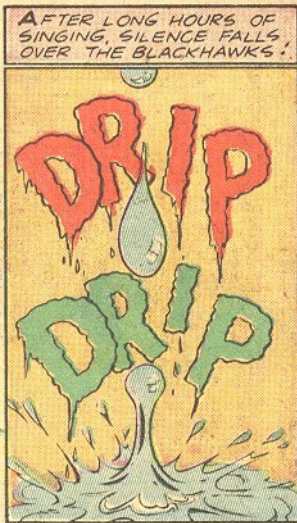
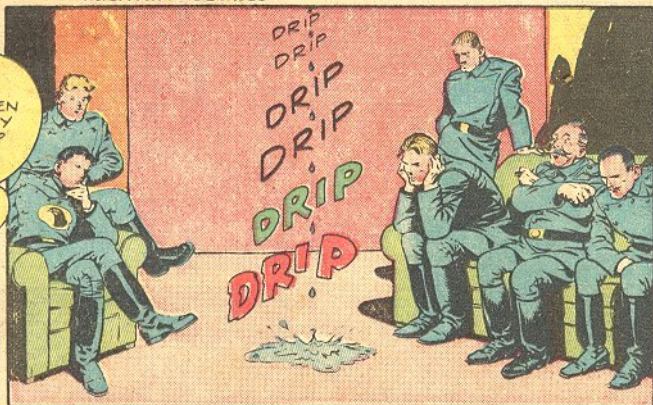




AGAIN AND AGAIN BLANKS ARE FIRED AT THE BLACKHAWKS—BUT NONE CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN.













I AM THE THIRD WITCH!  
MY NAME IS  
**MYSTERY!**

TROUBLE AND TERROR,  
MY SISTERS HAVE DONE  
THEIR WORST AGAINST  
BLACKHAWK—  
NOW **MYSTERY!**

AFTER A SHORT NAP

EEAAWWW!  
WAKE UP OLAF  
NO TIME TO  
DAWDL.

HUH?

NO VUN HERE!  
VOT HAPPENED  
TO DOT VOMAN--?

SHE LEFT  
A NOTE.  
LOOK!

You will find  
a back exit  
to the cave  
Follow the path  
to a village  
inside the  
Indian h...

DER INDIAN  
VILLAGE! VE  
ARE BACK IN  
ALLIED  
TERRITORY!

BUT SOMEWHERE BACK  
OF US LIE FOUR BLACKHAWKS--  
HUNTED DOWN LIKE DOGS!  
SOME DAY...

SACRED  
COW!

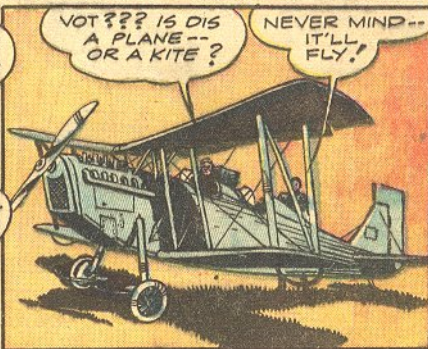
STEP AROUND  
IT, OLAF. NEVER  
OFFEND NATIVES!

IN DIS CHERK  
VISTLE--STOP?  
PAH!

NO RAILROAD. NO CARS.  
NO NODDING! VE  
ARE SHUTUCK!

THERE'S  
A FORTUNE  
TELLER! LET'S  
SEE WHAT  
SHE HAS TO  
SAY!













NATURALLY, SO WE SEND A SMALL FORCE THROUGH THE GAP. WHEN THE JAPS ATTACK-- OUR MAIN FORCE SNEAKS OUT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!

BLACKHAWK'S PLAN IS PUT IN ACTION

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING TRA-LA-TRA





BLACKHAWK TRUMPED WITH AN ACE, DIDN'T HE? HE'S LED THE LOST BATTALION TO FREEDOM, HASN'T HE? I'VE BEEN OUT-WITTED... TRICKED... SO YOU THINK!



WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! DISHONORABLE BIRD HAS FLY AWAY!

UNDER FORCED MARCH, WE SHOULD REACH THE BOR-R-DER BY TONIGHT, EH?

THE BORDER, HMMM! ONE FAVOR MAJOR--



A CERTAIN JAP COLONEL TORTURED AND SHOT DOWN FIVE OF MY BLACK-HAWKS, ER... WOULD YOU GO AROUND OR THROUGH HIS POSITION?



THROUGH, LAD! RIGHT SMACK THROUGH! AN' I'LL GIVE 'EM FAIR WARNING, THOUGH THEY DON'T DESERVE IT!



MOONLIGHT ATTACK... AND THE JAP BORDER CAMP IS BLITZED!



WE ARE BEING ATTACKED FROM THE REAR! MAN THE DEFENSES!



ADVANCE FOR HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!







COLONEL VISHOO!  
YOU ARE PRISONER-  
OF-WAR OF MAJOR  
MACDONOUGH!

I CHOKE  
DER MURDERER  
UFF OUR  
FRIENDS...



YOU WRONG  
ME! YOUR FRIENDS  
ARE ALIVE! I...ER...

BLACKHAWK!  
OLAF!

ZEG!  
ANDRE...



THE NEXT DAWN, SCOTTISH  
BAGPIPES ECHO ACROSS THE  
AGE-OLD HILLS OF INDIA,  
AS THE LOST BATTALION  
MARCHES SAFELY BACK..



**HAWK-A-A!**

BLACKHAWK, WHY SO  
GLUM? WE'VE FOUND  
THE LOST BATTALION...  
WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN..  
ALL MYSTERIES ARE  
SOLVED!

EXCEPT  
ONE! WHO WAS THE  
GIRL IN CALCUTTA?...  
AT THE CAVE?... AT  
THE RUINS. SHE  
SAVED ME THREE TIMES!  
GUESS I'LL  
NEVER  
KNOW!



NO! HE'LL  
NEVER  
KNOW!...

..NEVER KNOW THAT A  
NIPPONESE GIRL, HER  
COUNTRY'S MATA HARI,  
BETRAYED HER RACE!  
AND ALL BECAUSE....  
ALL  
BECAUSE...



EAST IS EAST -  
WEST IS WEST.  
OH, BLACKHAWK .....





# THE SNIPER

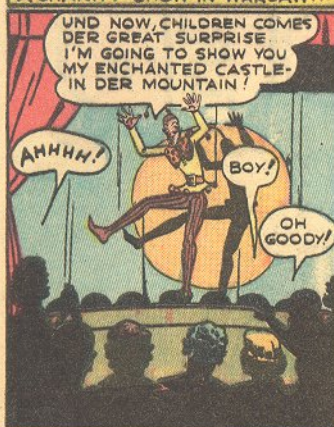
By  
VERNON  
HENKEL



ACROSS THE CONQUERED LANDS OF EUROPE TRAMP MILLIONS OF KIDS IN THE STRANGEST PROCESSION OF ALL TIMES. WHAT POWER DOES THE SINISTER CLOWN, GOOTENSPILTCH, HAVE OVER THE NAZI DOMINATED WORLD? THE SNIPER DARES TO TAKE UP THE CHASE AND UNRAVELS ONE OF THE MOST WEIRD MYSTERIES OF HIS CAREER!!



## A CHARITY SHOW IN WARSAW...



## NEXT DAY... A BENEFIT TO BUY POOR CHILDREN SHOES...



AND SOON A MILLION CHILDREN IN RAGS FOLLOW THE WILDLY DANCING CLOWN, GOOTENSPITLCH, IN A SIGHT THAT WAS NEVER REPEATED SINCE THE CRUSADES OF THE MIDDLE AGES!?





FROM ATOP THE EIFFEL TOWER THE SNIPER WATCHES THE PROCESSION...



THE SNIPER SPRINGS TO ACTION.









MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER SECTION OF PARIS...















SUDDENLY A HAND SHOOTS OUT  
OF THE DARKNESS AND



MEANWHILE, AS THE FIRST LURID  
FINGERS OF DAWN STREAKS THE SKY,  
GOOTENSPILCH REACHES HIS MOUNTAIN



BUT THE SNIPER ALSO  
REACHES THE MOUNTAIN

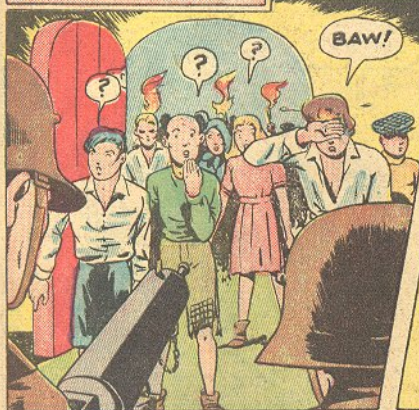


GOOTENSPILCH DASHES INTO A GROUP  
OF TREES TO PULL A SECRET LEVER





BUT AS THE KIDS RUSH IN THEY FIND NO CANDY AND ICE CREAM



INSTEAD BRUTE-LIKE NAZIS HERD THEM INTO STALLS LIKE CATTLE



HEY! SHTOP DOSE KIDS--



MEANWHILE - IN ANOTHER PART OF THE MOUNTAIN



AND ALSO BECAUSE YOU KNOW TOO MUCH! WHERE IS THE SNIPER?

WHY?? I DON'T UNDERSTAND !!

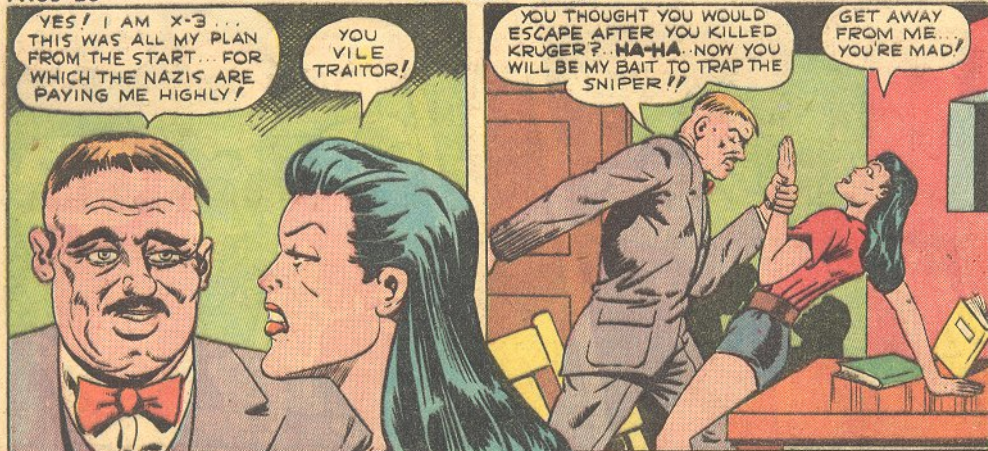


YES YOU DO, ANETTE, HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN PREVENT ME FROM CARRYING OUT MY PLANS!!

YOU? THEN YOU ARE X-3!!







SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND...





# THE BLUE TRACER

WITH BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES

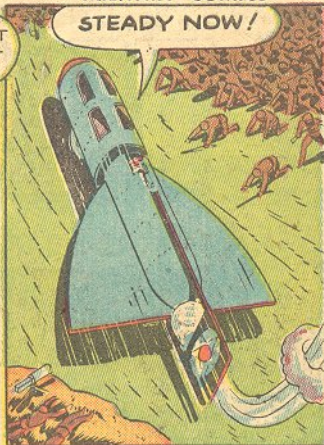
CHAOS  
STALKS THE EASTERN FRONT  
AS ALLIED FORCES FALL BACK BE-  
FORE A HIDEOUS GERMAN ARMY..FOR  
THE NAZI LEGIONS ARE RISING FROM  
THE DEAD TO FIGHT AGAIN, SWEEP-  
ING ONWARD TO CERTAIN  
VICTORY!

AGAINST THIS  
TERRIBLE FOE  
THE BLUE TRACER  
DEADLIEST OF MODERN WAR  
MACHINES IS PITTED. BUT EVEN  
THE POWER OF THE GREAT  
FLYING TANK FAILS TO STOP THE  
ENEMY DEAD WHO STAGGER TO  
THEIR FEET AND CONTINUE  
FORWARD!

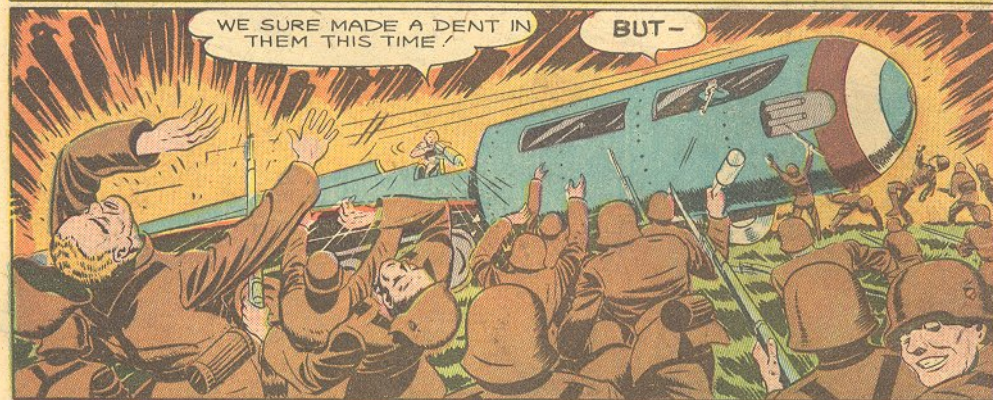
T-THEY  
WON'T STAY  
DOWN!







THE HUGE BULLET SHAPED MACHINE SMASHES INTO A VERITABLE WALL OF GERMANS!



BUT—



AS BILL AND BOOMERANG WATCH, THE BLOOD GRIMED NAZI WARRIORS CRUSHED BY THE BLUE TRACER BEGIN TO STIR FEEBLY!

THE STUMPS OF BROKEN ARM AND LEGS BEGIN TO GROW AGAIN!





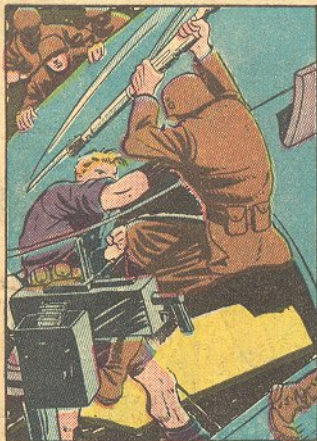
...AND NEW WHITE HANDS  
REACH FOR GUNS AND  
GRENADES!



THE SWASTIKA DEAD  
RISE TO FIGHT AGAIN!



WATCH  
OUT!



I GOT HIM- HE'S  
STILL HUMAN AND A  
SUCKER FOR A LEFT  
HOOK!



TIE HIM UP AND  
WE'LL GET OUT  
OF HERE!



QUICKLY THE BLUE TRACER  
ZOOMS AWAY FROM THE CLAW-  
ING HANDS THAT REACH FOR IT!

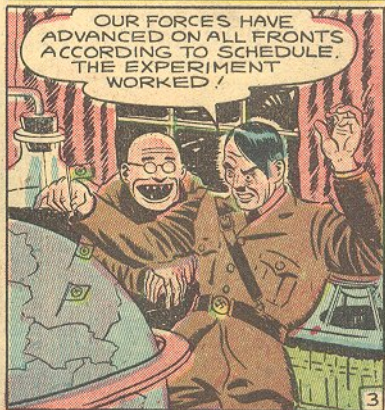


MEANWHILE,  
FAR BEHIND THE  
NAZI POSITIONS  
IN A THICK  
WALLED TOWER...



...IS ADOLPH HITLER AND DR. SCHWEIN.

OUR FORCES HAVE  
ADVANCED ON ALL FRONTS  
ACCORDING TO SCHEDULE.  
THE EXPERIMENT  
WORKED!

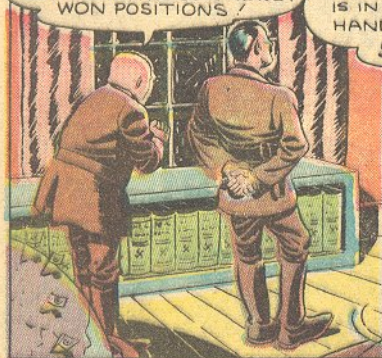




BUT MEIN FUEHRER! THE ENEMY ARE NOT STUPID. THEY MAY SOON LEARN OUR SECRET. WE SHOULD CONSOLIDATE OUR NEWLY WON POSITIONS.

NEIN! NEIN! THESE PEOPLE ARE FOOLS! OUR MEN SHALL ADVANCE. ADVANCE! THE WORLD IS IN THE PALM OF MY HAND. WE CAN'T BE STOPPED!

BUT IN AN ALLIED LABORATORY SCIENTISTS WORK FEVERISHLY TO DISCOVER THE PRISONER'S SECRET OF DEATHLESS LIFE.



ANY LUCK?

YES, COMRADES! IT'S THE POWER OF REGENERATION AS POSSESSED IN THE LOWER ANIMALS. WORMS, LIZARDS, AND SUCH CAN GROW NEW LIMBS... YOU STUDIED IT IN BIOLOGY?

BUT NOT MAMMALS AND HUMANS!

WHEN YOU SCRATCH YOUR HAND YOU'VE SEEN IT HEAL. YOUR HAIR AND FINGERNAILS GROW AFTER BEING CUT!

THAT TAKES TIME. WE'VE SEEN MEN REHABILITATE A BROKEN BODY IN A COUPLE MINUTES!



THEY HAVE BEEN TREATED ELECTRICALLY TO SPEED REGENERATIVE ACTION THE BODY CELLS ARE FED IN A WAY TO CAUSE INSTANT REGROWTH OF ARMS, LEGS, AND VITAL ORGANS...

A RADIO ELECTRIC COMPOUND IS DIRECTED TO THEM ON A RADIO BEAM. ALL THOSE NAZIS ARE ELECTRIFIED AND APPARENTLY TUNED IN ON THE LIFE GIVING BEAM RADIOED FROM A SENDING STATION.

THE BEST RADIO MEN IN THE URALS ARE CALCULATING THE BEAM EVEN NOW BEING RADIOED TO THIS PRISONER!





WE GOT IT!  
THE BEAM IS  
SHORT WAVE  
L-7



C'MON BILL!  
WE'RE GOING INTO  
ACTION AGAIN!



AND HOW!  
JUST GET HER  
TUNED IN ON  
L-7...

...AND WE'LL TRUCK ON DOWN! IF  
WE CAN DESTROY THE SOURCE  
OF THE BEAM, WE'LL STOP  
THOSE DEAD GUYS ONCE  
AND FOR ALL!



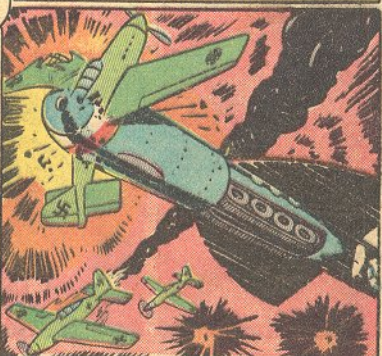
SOON THE BLUE TRACER  
FLIES OVER THE NAZI LINES  
WITH ITS CONTROLS SET  
ON THE WAVE.



WE'RE RIDING IN ON  
THE BEAM JUST LIKE  
AIR LINE PILOTS ARE  
GUIDED TO THEIR LAND-  
ING FIELDS! THEY CAN'T  
TURN IT OFF OR THE  
WHOLE GERMAN  
OFFENSIVE WOULD  
STOP!



ACK-ACK AND MESSERSCHMITTS  
ARE BRUSHED ASIDE BY THE  
DETERMINED MEN IN THEIR  
SLEEK MACHINE!



THERE IT IS! LOOK  
AT THE SOLDIER'S  
GOING THROUGH TO  
BE PROCESSED!



INSIDE THE TOWER, AT THE CONTROLS...

COMES IT THE BLUE  
TRACER! I TOLD YOU, MEIN  
FUEHRER! I WARNED AGAINST  
OVER DOING IT - NOW  
ALL IS LOST!

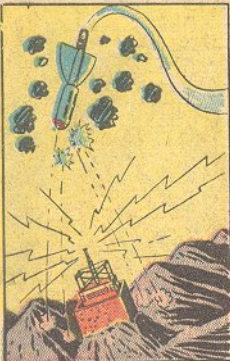


CURSE THE  
BLUE TRACER!  
IT CANNOT HARM  
US! WE'RE PURE  
ARYANS!

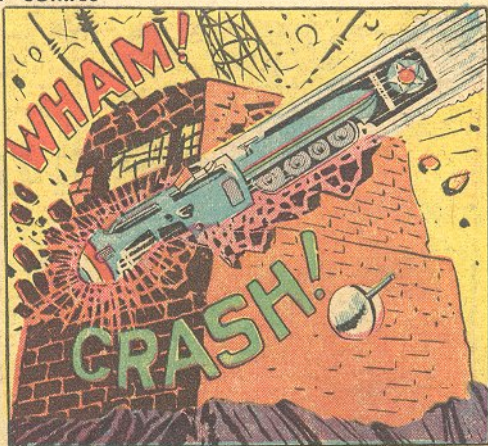
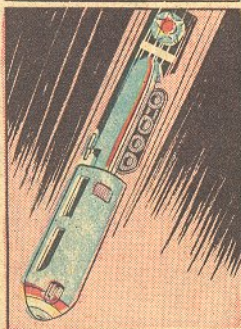




DESPITE HITLER'S  
BOAST BILL AIMS  
HIS MACHINE AT  
THE RADIO STATION!



AND FOLDING THE  
TELESCOPIC WINGS  
THE BLUE TRACER  
DIVES LIKE A SHELL  
FROM SOME SUPER  
CANNON...



SWINE, PIGS!  
THEY SMASHED  
MY SECRET  
WEAPON!



IMMEDIATELY ALL OVER THE EASTERN  
FRONT THE ONCOMING NAZIS, THE DEATH-  
LESS DEAD, STAGGER AND FALL!

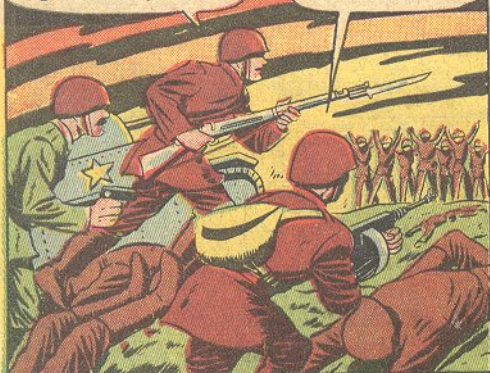


RUSSIANS...  
FORWARD!



EVERYWHERE WE  
REGAIN OUR LAND BECAUSE  
THE NAZIS DIDN'T STOP  
TO CONSOLIDATE!

THAT DEAD-MAN  
TRICK WASN'T  
SO DEADLY  
AFTER ALL!



AH! HERE COMES THE BLUE TRACER  
BACK AGAIN AND AS USUAL WE OWE  
OUR GOOD FORTUNE TO THAT FIGHTING  
MACHINE. TOGETHER WE'LL WIN THIS  
WAR AND THEN THERE'LL BE PLENTY  
OF BORSCHT AND VODKA  
FOR ALL!



Follow Plastic Man, most unusual character in comics, in each issue of POLICE COMICS.



THE

# PHANTOM Clipper

Once again the PHANTOM CLIPPER and her fabulous captain, the man known as **TIGER SHARK**, go forth on the trail of a master criminal. But this time the trail is full of strange twists and turns, for the ship they fight is no ordinary ship. Its flag is the skull and bones of the old pirate, **HENRY MORGAN**! and her master...who should he be, but the most ruthless and daring of plunderers, **HENRY MORGAN** himself! The PHANTOM CLIPPER needs all her secrets in this death-match with "**THE PIRATE PRINCE OF PLUNDER!**"



OUR STORY OPENS WITH **TIGER**, MASTER OF THE CLIPPER SEATED ALONE IN A SMALL WATERFRONT CAFE...

HIYA, MATEY! WHAT'S A SEA-FARIN' MAN LIKE YOURSELF DOIN' IN A JINX TOWN LIKE THIS?

LOOKING FOR A SHIP THAT NEEDS A WILLING HAND, MATE, THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF JOBS FOR A SAILOR HERE!





THIS USED TO BE A GOOD PORT MATEY, BUT IT AIN'T ANY MORE! IT'S A GRAVEYARD FOR THE BONES OF HONEST SAILORS! THERES NOT MANY THAT CARES TO CROSS THAWERS WITH A MAN LIKE HENRY MORGAN!



I'VE NO FAITH IN SUCH TALK! IT'S THE GOSSIP OF OLD WOMEN!

SUDDENLY A HOARSE CRY BREAKS THE QUIET...



IT'S HIM! I SAW HIM! THE GHOST OF HENRY MORGAN HIMSELF!

HE WAS SAILIN' HIS OLD SHIP, THE JOLLY ROGER! WE FIRED A BROADSIDE INTO HIM, AND THEN HE GRAPPLED US! HE, AND HIS CREW SWARMED ABOARD! IT WAS A SLAUGHTER LIKE I NEVER SEEN BEFORE!



WHERE DID HE GO?

I DIVED OVERBOARD, AND SWAM UNDER WATER AS FAR AS I COULD. WHEN I LOOKED BACK, HE AND HIS PIRATE SHIP WERE GONE. VANISHED!!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE'LL SAIL NO MORE FROM THIS PORT!

WAIT! ALL OF YOU!

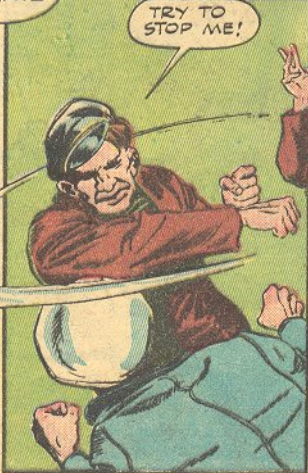
AYE!



YOU'RE AMERICAN SAILORS! YOUR JOB IS TO KEEP THE SHIPS MOVING!,, AND, BY HEAVEN, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO! THERE'S A TANKER LEAVING AT DAWN, AND YOU'RE ALL GOING TO BE ON IT, IF I HAVE TO CARRY YOU THERE MYSELF!!



TRY TO STOP ME!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, SAILOR!!







THE TANKER PUTS OUT TO SEA...



BOOMING UP IN THE DARKNESS, A PIRATE SHIP LIES ATHWART THE TANKER'S BOW...



AND A YELLING CREW OF PIRATES SWARM ABOARD!..



FOR A WHILE, THE FIGHTING SWAYS BACK AND FORTH! THEN THE TANKER'S CREW IS FORCED TO RETREAT!





TAKING COVER BEHIND A HATCHWAY, TIGER CARRIES ON THE LOSING FIGHT...



THROUGH THE NIGHT, COMES THE THROATY BLARING OF A HORN...



NOW WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL FIGHT LOOKS LIKE!



THE PHANTOM CLIPPER, FINEST FIGHTING SHIP AFLOAT, COMES ALONGSIDE, FROM HER DECK SPRING TIGER'S CREW, ARMED TO THE TEETH AND LOOKING FOR TROUBLE...



IN A THRICE, THE TIDE OF BATTLE TURNS...

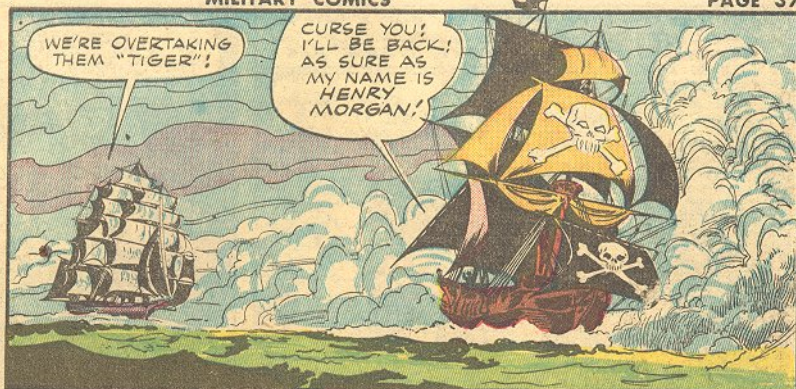


DEFEATED, THE PIRATES FLEE IN PANIC TO THEIR OWN SHIP!





*The*  
JOLLY  
ROGER  
UNDER A  
FULL SAIL,  
HEADS FOR  
A FOG  
BANK...



WE'RE OVERTAKING  
THEM "TIGER"!

CURSE YOU!  
I'LL BE BACK!  
AS SURE AS  
MY NAME IS  
HENRY  
MORGAN!

BUT AS THE PHANTOM  
CLIPPER EMERGES FROM  
THE FOG BANK...



GONE! THE  
JOLLY ROGER'S  
DISAPPEARED!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!  
THERE'S NO PLACE  
FOR ANY SHIP TO  
HAVE GONE... I  
CAN'T BELIEVE MY  
OWN EYES!



MEANWHILE THE UNFORTUNATE  
TANKER HAS LIMPED BACK TO  
PORT WHERE THE NEWS  
SPREADS RAPIDLY!!

YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THE CREW OF THE  
TANKER! THIS PORT  
IS JINXED! I'M  
MOVING TO SOME OTHER  
PLACE WHERE A  
SAILING MAN HAS A  
FIGHTING CHANCE FOR  
HIS LIFE!

NO BOAT  
WILL SAIL FROM  
HERE WITH  
US ABOARD!

AYE!



OUTSIDE THE CAFE, THE  
MEN ARE STOPPED BY  
A MERCHANTMAN'S  
CAPTAIN...



I NEED A CREW  
FOR MY SHIP!  
I'VE BEEN TIED  
UP IN PORT  
FOR A WEEK!

LOOK SOME-  
WHERE'S ELSE.  
YOUR SHIP  
WILL ROT HERE  
WITH ALL ITS  
CARGO, BEFORE  
WE'LL PUT  
ABOARD HER!

CAN'T SAY I BLAME  
THEM! BY TOMORROW  
MORNING, THIS PLACE  
WILL BE AS EMPTY OF  
SHIPPING AS A  
GOLDFISH POND!

I CAN  
GET YOU A  
CREW FOR  
YOUR SHIP  
CAPTAIN!



ARE YOU KIDDING  
ME? THERE ISN'T  
A SAILOR LEFT  
IN THIS TOWN  
WHO'D PUT  
ABOARD ANY  
SHIP!

WAIT AT  
THE DOCKS!  
YOU'LL HAVE  
A CREW BY  
SUNSET!





UNDER THE GLOW OF LAMPLIGHT, A GROUP OF SAILORS MOUNT THE GANGPLANK OF THE MERCHANTMAN THAT NIGHT. TIGER HAS KEPT HIS WORD!



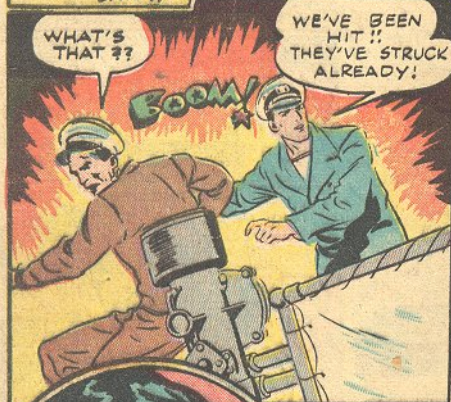
I SWEAR, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT! IT'S A FINE LOOKING CREW YOU BROUGHT ME!

WE'RE READY, SIR! BUT I WON'T FEEL AT HOME WITHOUT THE CLIPPER IN A FIGHT LIKE THIS!

THE PHANTOM CLIPPER WON'T MISS THE FUN. I PROMISE YOU!



A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP!!



WHAT'S THAT??

WE'VE BEEN HIT!! THEY'VE STRUCK ALREADY!

BOOM!

THERE THEY ARE!... THE PIRATE SHIP!

WE'RE SINKING FAST!! GET THE MEN INTO THE LIFEBOATS!



IN ANSWER, TIGER LIFTS A WHISTLE TO HIS LIPS AND BLOWS A SHRILL BLAST!!!

AND A NEARBY INNOCENT LOOKING "JUNK" SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE!!!



BOOM!

WHILE ON THE SINKING MERCHANTMAN, THE MEN SCRAMBLE INTO THE LIFEBOATS...



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO SIR??

I'M GOING TO BE ON THAT PIRATE SHIP WHEN IT RUNS FOR COVER, AND THIS TIME IT ISN'T GOING TO DISAPPEAR!

...THE GUNS OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER ROAR INTO LIFE!



TIGER DIVES INTO THE SEA...



HEAD FOR THE CLIPPER MEN!  
WE'RE NOT GOING TO MISS THE REST OF THIS FIGHT!

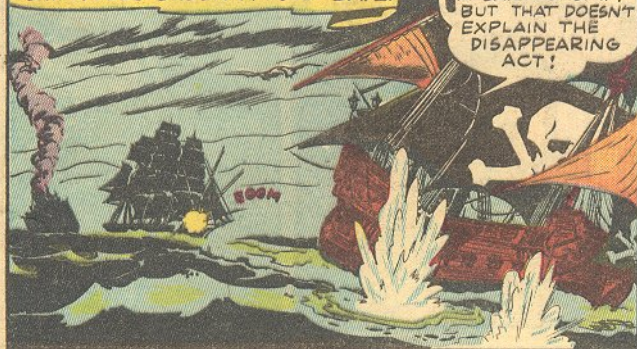


POWERFUL STROKES CARRY TIGER TO THE PIRATE SHIP...

NOW TO HAVE A FIRST-HAND LOOK!



ONCE AGAIN, THE PHANTOM CLIPPER PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THE JOLLY ROGER TO HANDLE! THE PIRATE SHIP FLEES UNDER A FULL-SAIL!



WE'RE MOVING TOO FAST FOR A SAILING SHIP! BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE DISAPPEARING ACT!

QUEER BUSINESS! DECKS ARE DESERTED! I'LL HAVE A LOOK BELOW!



TIGER BREAKS DOWN THE DOOR TO FIND...



NO ONE HERE!... OH, OH! WRONG AGAIN!

THERE WAS SOMEONE! COME BACK HERE!



HENRY MORGAN STOPS FOR NO MAN!!

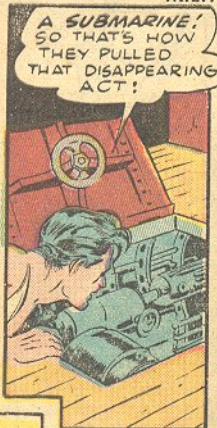




AS **TIGER** REGAINS HIS FEET THE PIRATE SHIP LURCHES SHARPLY.



A **SUBMARINE!** SO THAT'S HOW THEY PULLED THAT DISAPPEARING ACT!



YIPPEE!



THE PARTY'S OVER! TAKE THIS SUB BACK UP AGAIN!

DON'T SHOOT! WE TAKE HER UP!



AS THE **JOLLY ROGER** REAPPEARS THE CREW OF THE **PHANTOM CLIPPER** TAKES OVER!



DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY ABOARD!!

**TIGER!**

YOU BOYS GOT HERE IN THE NICK OF TIME! I'VE GOT A BOATLOAD OF PIRATES.. NAZI PIRATES!!



**LATER**

I'VE OPENED UP THE SEACOCKS, SIR! SHE'S FILLING FAST!

GOOD WORK, LAD!



THOSE NAZI'S ARE CLEVER DEVILS! THAT WOODEN SUPER-STRUCTURE ON THE SUB MADE IT LOOK JUST LIKE A PIRATE SHIP!

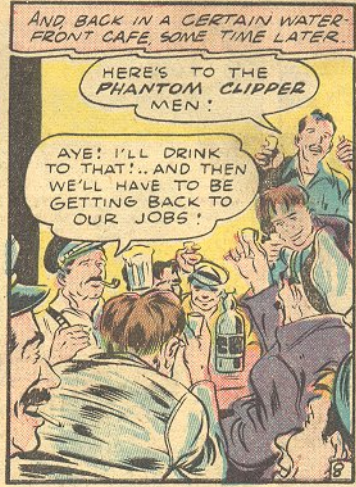


THEY KNEW THEY COULDN'T FRIGHTEN OUR SAILORS WITH SUB WARFARE ANYMORE SIR SO THEY TRIED A NEW TRICK AND IT ALMOST WORKED!

AND BACK IN A CERTAIN WATER-FRONT CAFE, SOME TIME LATER.

HERE'S TO THE **PHANTOM CLIPPER** MEN!

AYE! I'LL DRINK TO THAT!.. AND THEN WE'LL HAVE TO BE GETTING BACK TO OUR JOBS!



And the **PHANTOM CLIPPER**

MOVES ON TO NEW AND STRANGE ADVENTURES... JUST BEYOND THE HORIZON...



COLONEL SAM  
SHOT... NO  
BAGGAGE!

# SHOT and SHELL

SLIM SHELL...  
NO BAGGAGE!

**BOURENCO MARQUES, PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA...** THE DIPLOMATIC EXCHANGE VESSEL, 66 KANSATANIA, TUGS RESTLESSLY AT HER MOORINGS ON THE EVE OF HER VOYAGE TO THE STATES TO REPATRIATE WAR-STRANDED AMERICANS, AMONG THEM OUR TWO MISADVENTURERS.

By  
NORDING

THERE ARE YET OTHERS, HOWEVER, WHO ARE KEENLY INTERESTED IN THE SAILING

AN EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY, EXCELLENCY, TO SMUGGLE OUR TOPNOTCH SPIES INTO AMERICA

YES WE MUST OBTAIN THE PASSPORTS OF TWO AMERICANS

HONORABLE COLLEAGUE, I ADMIT IT IS OPPORTUNE FOR OUR AGENTS TO EMBARK SO WE MUST FIND TWO INSIGNIFICANT AMERICANS TO ABDUCT!

YES, HONORABLE COLLEAGUE, WE WILL FIND SAME!

YIPPEE! IN THE MORNING WE START FER HOME!

I QUIVER WITH JOY, LAD NOW LET US DISPORT OURSELVES WITH BUOYANT HEARTS!

THE BAGGAGE, SEÑORES YOU WEEH EET CHECKED?

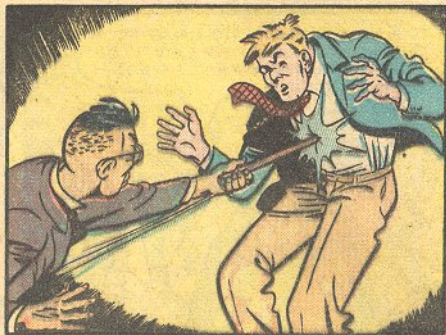
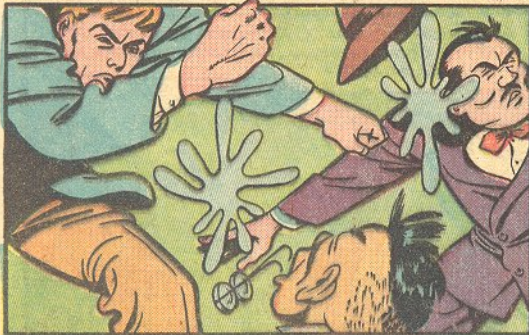
TUT TUT!

WE ARE UNHAMPERED BY FAMILY, FRIENDS OR CHATTELS, MY GOOD FELLOW AS FREE AS SEAGULLS OER THE BRINE!

















This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

# P.T. BOAT RAIDS MULAMI

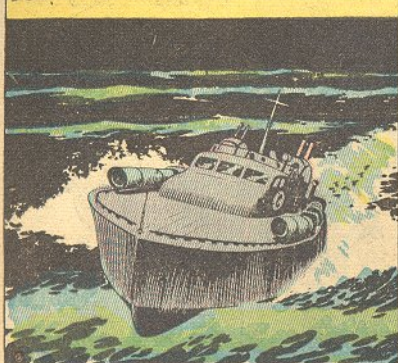
Sent to pick up an American agent in the Japanese held port of Mulami, a P.T. Boat, one of America's tiny but efficient little torpedo boats, is forced to run a gauntlet of steel to escape with the agent.

In the course of her flight, the mosquito boat torpedoed and sank a Jap destroyer and crippled a heavy cruiser that were blocking her path to freedom. Badly riddled, she barely remained afloat long enough to reach her home port, but the agent was delivered unharmed to his destination and thus another blow was struck for the cause of democracy!





A DARK, MOONLESS NIGHT FINDS AN AMERICAN TORPEDO BOAT SLIDING THROUGH THE BLACK SEAS OUTWARD BOUND FROM PORT MORESBY, NEW GUINEA.



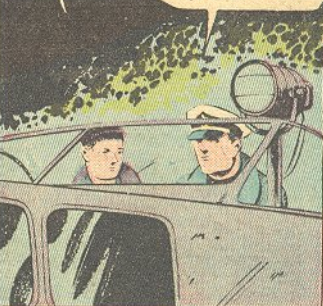
HER COMMANDER, LIEUT. DAVE OWENS, STANDS ON THE FLYING BRIDGE.

NOW THAT WE'RE ON OUR WAY, JOHNNY, I CAN TELL YOU WHAT WE HAVE FACING US.



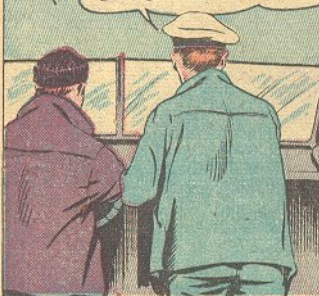
WE SURE PULLED OUT OF PORT MORESBY IN A HURRY, SKIPPER.

WE HAVE TO PICK UP ONE OF OUR ESPIONAGE AGENTS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF MULAMI HARBOR. THAT'S ALL!!



HOLY SOX!-- MULAMI IS ONE OF THE BASES FOR THE JAP FLEET!

I KNOW-- BUT ACCORDING TO REPORTS, THERE ARE ONLY A FEW JAP SHIPS THERE NOW.

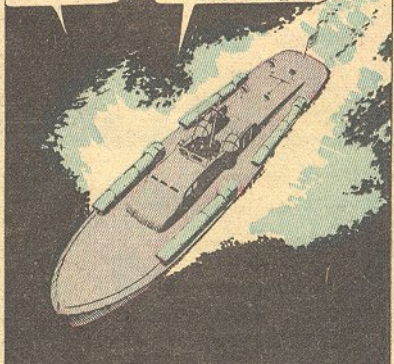


THE JAPS HAVE TROOPS AROUND THE PORT AND THE AGENT COULDN'T GET OUT OF THE TOWN SO WE COULD PICK HIM UP DOWN THE COAST-- WE'VE GOT TO GO IN AFTER HIM!



WHY DID THEY PICK ON US?

A PLANE CAN'T LAND THERE-- AND A SUB COULDN'T GET IN MULAMI!

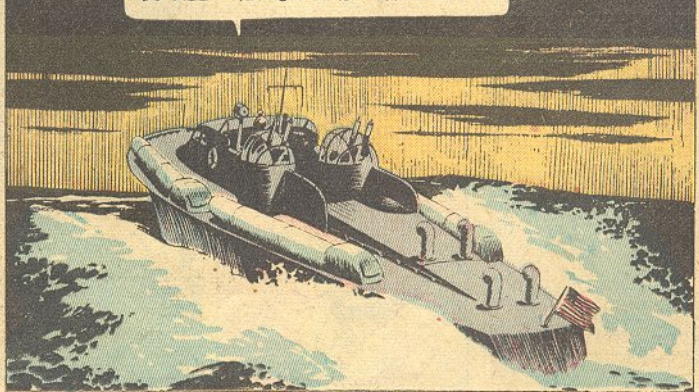


IF A MIST WOULD DEVELOP, WE MIGHT NOT HAVE SUCH A JOB AFTER ALL!



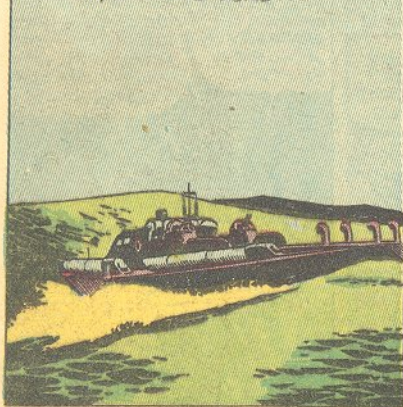
WHY NO-- NOT ANY MORE WORK THAN CAPTURING A BATTLESHIP SINGLE HANDED!

WE'RE TIMED TO ARRIVE AT OUR DESTINATION AT PRECISELY ONE A.M. SO KEEP HER ON HALF THROTTLE!





THE P.T. BOAT DRIVES ON THRU THE WARM, ROLLING SEAS...



WE SHOULD REACH MULAMI IN AN HOUR, SAM- BETTER CHECK THE GUNS AND TUBES AGAIN.

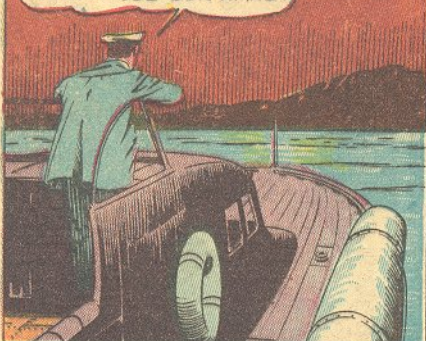


OKAY, SKIPPER!

THROTTLE DOWN, JOHNNY-- WE'RE COMING IN TOWARD SHORE!



WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP OUR SPEED DOWN FROM NOW ON -- OR THE JAPS MIGHT SEE OUR WAKE!



HER CREW TENSE, THE P.T. BOAT NOSES GLOWLY INTO THE HARBOR MOUTH- PASSING ANCHORED JAP FREIGHTERS...



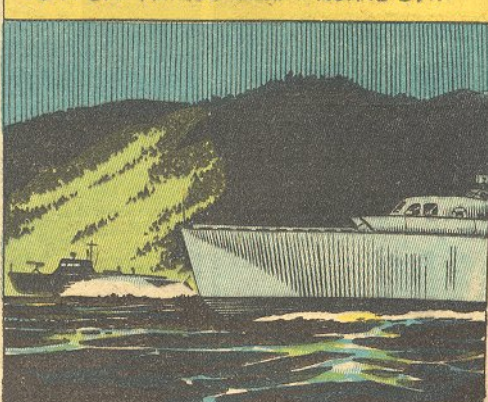
I FEEL AS IF EVERY JAP IN THIS HARBOR IS LOOKING RIGHT AT US!



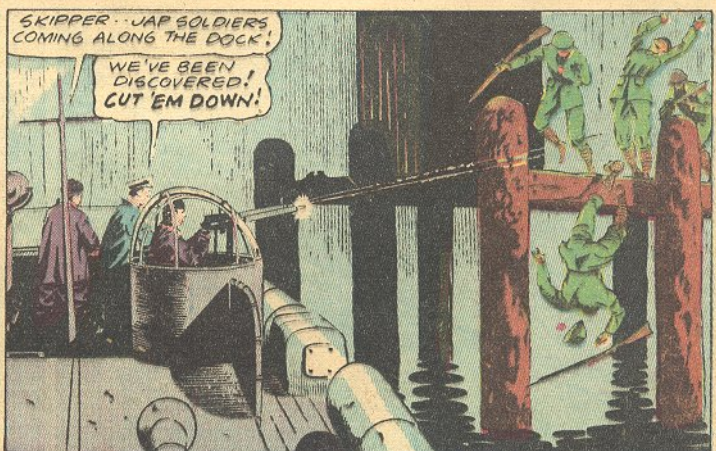
IF ANY JAPS DO SEE US AT ANY DISTANCE, THEY'LL THINK WE'RE JAPANESE-- BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT LOOKING FOR AN ENEMY BOAT IN THEIR OWN HARBOR-- OH-OH-WHAT'S THIS?



OWENS AND HIS CREW HOLD THEIR BREATH AS A JAP PATROL CRAFT ROARS BY...









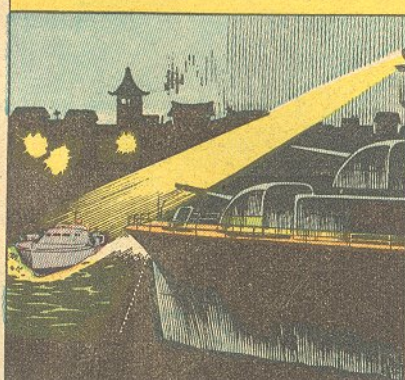
THE P.T. BOAT ROARS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT WITH THROTTLES WIDE OPEN--



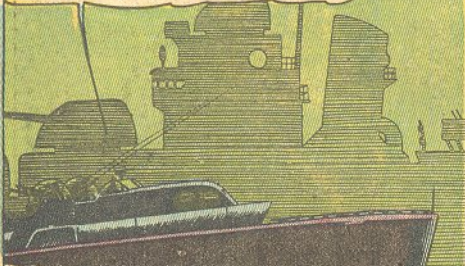
THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW-- WE'RE GONNA NEED ALL OUR SPEED.



SEARCHLIGHTS FLASH ON ALL OVER THE BLACK HARBOR-- AND THE P.T. BOAT HURTTLES FOR THE OPEN SEA..



WE'RE PINNED IN THAT SPOTLIGHT-- KNOCK IT OUT!



THE MACHINE GUN SLUGS DRUM INTO THE LIGHT-- AND IT WINKS OUT---



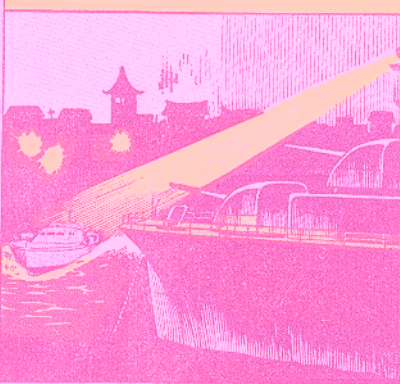
THE WHOLE BLASTED HARBOR IS AROUSED NOW-- IF WE DON'T RAM SOMETHING WE'LL BE-- JOHNNY-HARD OVER---



THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW-- WE'RE GONNA NEED ALL OUR SPEED.



SEARCHLIGHTS FLASH ON ALL OVER THE BLACK HARBOR-- AND THE P.T. BOAT HURTTLES FOR THE OPEN SEA..



THE P.T. BOAT HURTTLES AWAY INTO THE NIGHT WITH THROTTLES WIDE OPEN--



THE MACHINE GUN SLUGS DRUM INTO THE LIGHT-- AND IT WINKS OUT---



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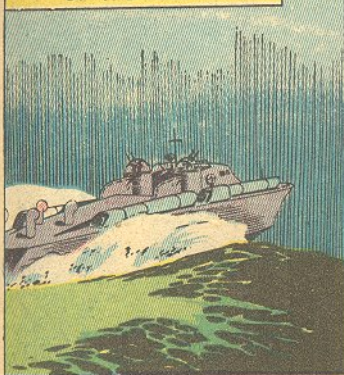


WE'RE PINNED IN THAT SPOTLIGHT-- KNOCK IT OUT!





DODGING, TWISTING---  
THE SPEEDING BOAT  
ENDEAVORS TO GET OUT  
OF THE HARBOR...



THERE'S THE HARBOR  
MOUTH AHEAD--OH-OH  
LOOK!



STEAMING INTO ANCHOR IS A  
GROUP OF WARSHIPS-- A JAP  
TASK FORCE--



OH, GOSH!-- THEY'RE  
COMPLETELY BLOCKING  
THE HARBOR MOUTH--  
WE'VE GOT TO GO  
THROUGH THEM TO GET  
OUT!

WE'LL GIVE 'EM SOME--  
THING TO OCCUPY THEIR  
LITTLE MINDS-- STAND  
BY TORPEDO TUBES---!!



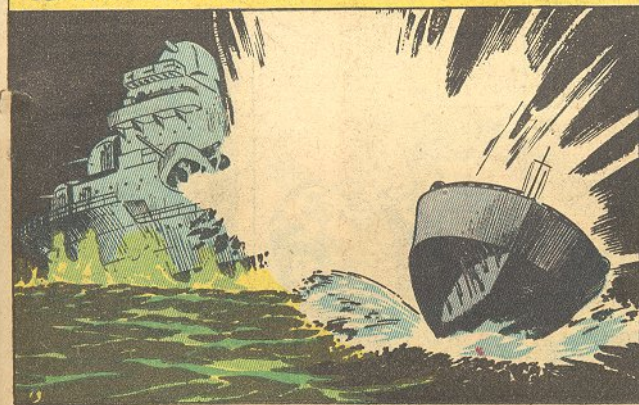
THE P.T. BOAT ROARS  
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE  
SHIPS BARRING HER ESCAPE!



SWINGING TO STARBOARD A BIT,  
JOHNNY-- THAT DESTROYER  
IS FIRST ON THE LIST--  
**FIRE!**



THE TORPEDO HITS THE DESTROYER'S STERN WHERE THE  
DEPTH CHARGES ARE RACKED---



HARD TO PORT--  
THAT HEAVY CRUISER  
IS NEXT--

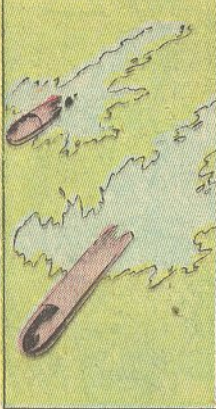




BUT THE JAPS ABOARD THE CRUISER HAVE LOCATED THEIR TORMENTOR-- AND A HAIL OF STEEL RIPS DOWN ON THE ONCOMING R.T. BOAT.

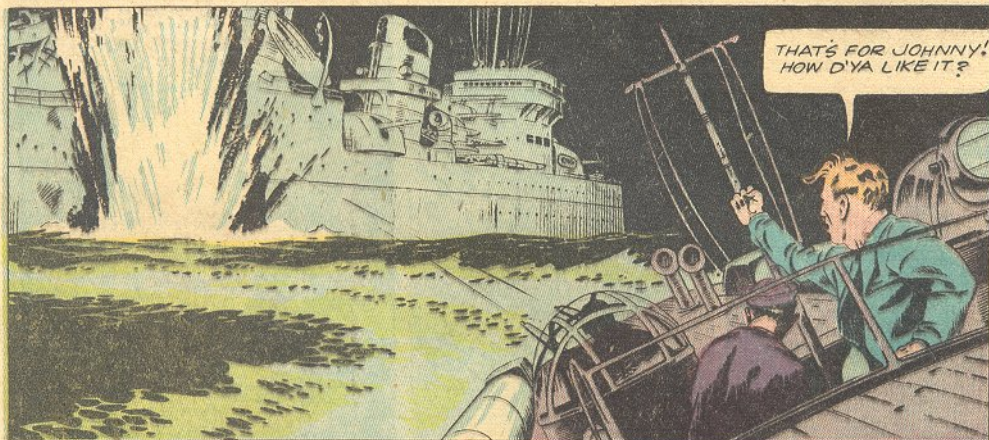


TWO TORPEDOES ARE LET GO--



LIEUTENANT-- I'M HIT-- GRAB WHEEL--

JOHNNY--



THAT'S FOR JOHNNY! HOW D'YA LIKE IT?

AS OWENS LINES THE BOAT OUT FOR THE RUN TO SEA--A FIVE INCH SHELL ALMOST CAPSIZES HER...



THAT ONE HOLED US AFT, SIR--!

GET THE PUMPS GOING!



WE CAN'T GO DOWN NOW-- BAIL WITH YOUR HATS IF YOU HAVE TO...





HER MOTORS UNDAMAGED BUT LEAKING BADLY, THE P.T. BOAT SPEEDS OUT OF THE HARBOR...

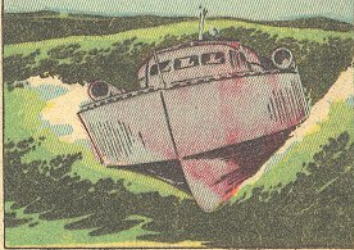


WELL, WE SANK ONE DESTROYER AND BY THE LOOKS OF THAT FIRE I GUESS WE CAN SAY THE CRUISER IS FINISHED TOO!

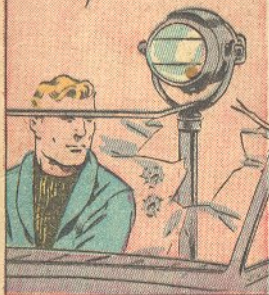


THE SEAS ARE TOUGH ON THE HULL, BUT WE CAN'T SLOW UP YET--

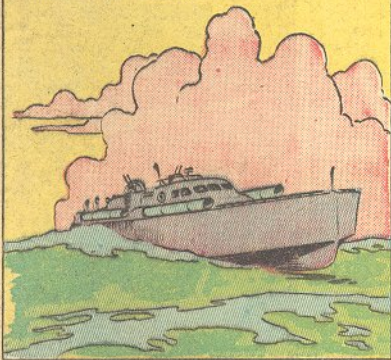
SHE'S LEAKIN' LIKE A BASKET, SIR!



WE'VE GOT A LONG RUN AHEAD OF US-- WE'VE GOTTA STAY AFLOAT!



DAWN FINDS THE P.T. BOAT WELL OUT TO SEA-- BUT SETTLING LOWER AND LOWER, WHILE ALL HANDS BAIL FURIOUSLY...



ANOTHER HOUR AND WE'LL BE IN OUR HARBOR-- KEEP IT UP, BOYS!

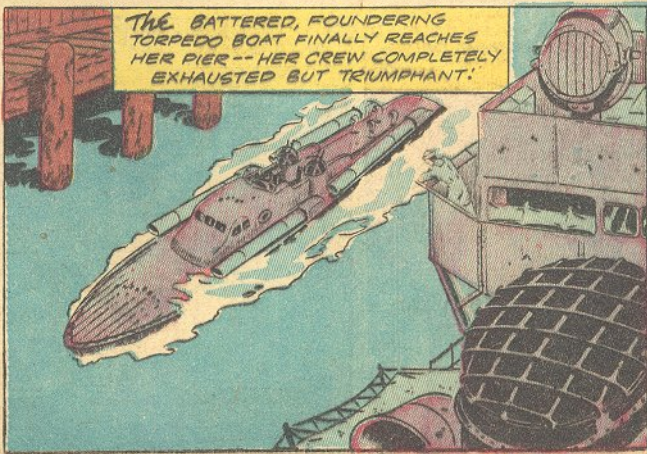


WELL, FELLAH-- LOOK'S LIKE WE GOT YOU HOME OKAY--

AND I THOUGHT BEING A SPY WAS DANGEROUS!



THE BATTERED, FOUNDERING TORPEDO BOAT FINALLY REACHES HER PIER-- HER CREW COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED BUT TRIUMPHANT!

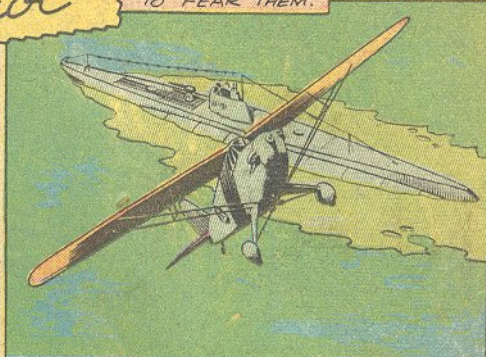
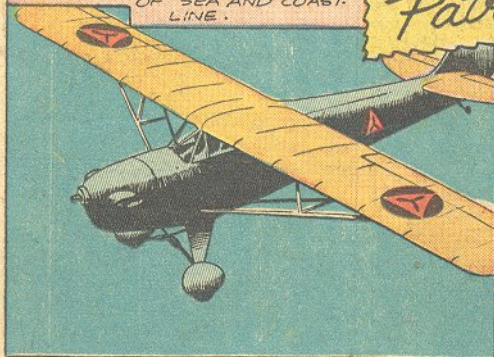




UNITED STATES OWES MUCH TO THE LITTLE-KNOWN, UNSUNG HEROES OF THE CIVIL AIR PATROL. THESE MEN DAILY PATROL HUNDREDS OF MILES OF SEA AND COAST. LINE.

# Atlantic Patrol

OFTEN FLYING FAR OUT TO SEA IN THEIR FRAIL PLANES, THEIR 65 H.P. ENGINES AVERAGE ONLY 85 M.P.H.. UNARMED THOUGH THEY ARE, U-BOAT CAPTAINS HAVE LEARNED TO FEAR THEM.



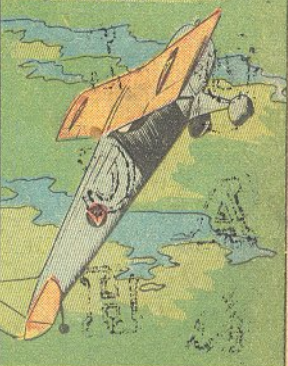
ACH! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE MOSQUITO PLANES! WE NEED TO CHARGE OUR BATTERIES, SO WE WILL CONTINUE ON THE SURFACE—

IT'S OUT OF MACHINE GUN RANGE, CAPTAIN!

RADIO THAT SUB'S LOCATION TO THE BASE, HARRY--



FLYING JUST OUT OF RANGE, THE PATROL PLANE MAINTAINS ITS VIGIL.



HIMMEL -- ANOTHER PLANE -- CRASH DIVE --! IT'S A BOMBING PLANE!



BUT THE SUB CAN'T DIVE FAST ENOUGH--



THOUGHT THAT BOMBER WOULD NEVER ARRIVE. NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK-- ONLY HAVE FIVE GALLONS OF GAS LEFT!

